

Blair, 1878.

THREE GAELIC POEMS.

By MRS. CLARK,
OF TORRA-DHAMH, BADENOCH;

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH:

AND

A N E L E G Y
(WITH SHORT MEMOIR)
ON KENNETH M'DONALD,
AT LYNCHAT, KINGUSSIE.

By JOHN KENNEDY,
STUDENT,
NEW CITY ROAD, GLASGOW.

Edinburgh:
MACLACHLAN AND STEWART,
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E. S. Murray

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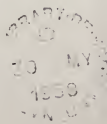
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P R E F A C E.

THE well-known and highly-admired poems of Mrs. Clark, of Torra-Dhamb, Badenoch, have been for some time out of print. They were published about the middle of this century, along with several other poetical compositions of a kindred character by Mr. Rose, the accomplished Gaelic scholar, widely known as the translator of *Boston, Baxter, &c.* A copy of this edition can scarcely be met with now; consequently, a desire has been pretty generally expressed that a re-issue should be undertaken,—in compliance with which I have agreed, not simply to re-edit the two already referred to, but to add a third recently discovered, and, on indubitable authority, attributed to the same authoress. Even should all external proof be wanting, the internal evidence is such as to set the question of authorship at once beyond a doubt. Not only is the style in each case similar, but the tone and sentiment clearly indicate the source to have been the same. This poem, probably from its not being at the

time in the hands of the former editor, did not appear with the others. It is to be hoped, however, that its appearance now, though late, will be found not unacceptable to those at least who have derived delight and benefit from the other two.

Bean Torra-Dhamh is a name still very fragrant and familiar in Badenoch and many other places, and is likely to continue so for some time to come, although it is to be feared she lived in an age, and was of a race whose godliness is likely to give place to greatness and gifts in the present. Her memory well deserves to be perpetuated; for, although not of the great of this world, she was great in grace, and though dead, yet speaks in the three beautiful effusions that remain of thirty, no doubt of equal, if not of greater merit.

Of these three elegant and exquisite poems—"A Complaint on the Corruption of Nature," "The Soul's Desire to be with Christ," and "A Call to Trust in Christ"—I have endeavoured to give, as far as possible, a literal rendering into English, with no pretence to poetry, my sole aim being to give an idea of the surpassing simplicity and sublimity of the original. I am well aware that the English translation gives but a very faint and inaccurate idea of the power and pathos that the poems possess in their native

garb ; but it may serve to stimulate some abler hand to perform the task more perfectly.

The addition of the Elegy on my Grandfather was entirely an after-thought, as he was in life when the former design was contemplated ; and certainly it is not intended for a moment to be compared, or placed on a par with the other poems, the insertion being simply a case of coincidence. But as the finest paintings require a dark back-ground to set them off, so may my imperfect production serve to show somewhat of the beauty of her inimitable strains. Yet the subject of the one and the composer of the others have alike entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and they are now engaged in singing the song of all songs—the song of Moses and the Lamb.

J. K.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF MRS. CLARK.

(PREFIXED TO THE FORMER EDITION.)



MRS. CLARK, alias *Bean Torra-Dhamh*, the pious authoress of the following poems, was daughter of Ewan M'Pherson, schoolmaster in the parish of Laggan, Badenoch. The date of her birth, marriage, or death we could not ascertain. By the meagre account handed down to us concerning her, we are led to understand that, like most of the children of Adam, she lived a considerable part of her youth alienated from the life of God, estranged from every intercourse with Him in His saving operations—thoughtless and regardless of her immortal concerns; but in the Almighty's good time He plucked her as a brand out of the burning. By her own account to a certain person, she stated, "I have been of a very bad and wicked disposition: therefore the Lord was obliged to break my leg, which was the first means of bringing me to think of my sinful and lost condition. I have been almost a Jew in point of religious profession and belief—I scarcely believed that the Saviour ever came in the flesh. When awakened from my sinful lethargy and negligence, I have gone through great trouble of mind. I now saw that I was

not only guilty in numberless instances of breaches of the holy law of God, but also that I had a sinful nature, that loved sin and would commit it. While I was in this state of mind, Isa. liv. 7, 8, were among the scriptures which were the means of conveying the first relief and dawning of spiritual comfort which my weary and tempted soul enjoyed—‘For a small moment have I forsaken thee ; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment ; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.’” Being loosed from the bonds of guilt, enmity, and unbelief, she attained an eminent degree of comfort and of communion with God. A worthy man, an elder in the parish, was in the habit of visiting her occasionally. One Sabbath morning as he approached her house, being then a widow and alone, he heard the noise of her crutches in an unusual manner ; by-and-by he pressed her to tell him the reason of such unusual noise ; she said she was in some measure endeavouring to imitate David, when dancing before the ark of the Lord.

Her first productions were composed in English ; but her husband persuaded her, as she was endowed with the gift of poetry, to employ it for the benefit of the Highlanders, by composing in Gaelic, which she did accordingly. By her own account, she composed thirty poems ; but, to the reproach of her country, for want of means she failed to publish them for the edification of future generations. It is said that the Rev. Mr. Stalker, late at Rothiemurchus, had written them in MS. ;

if so, very probably it has been lost, or lying on some dusty shelf. About forty-seven years ago she came to Inverness, with the intention of getting them written; whether she succeeded, we cannot say.

The two following poems of hers were taken down by us from oral recitation thirty-seven years ago, from a pious girl who learned them from the poetess, in which the state of her mind is most graphically delineated. In her latter days our authoress was blind, or nearly so, and her daughter brought her to Perth along with herself, where she died at a pretty advanced age. She must have lived from early in last century till near its close.

THREE GAELIC POEMS.



GEARAN AIR TRUAILLIDHEACHD NÀDUIR.

OCH a's ochan ! mo threachladh !
Mo léir-chreach ! mar a tha mi,
Dhiobhail lòn, agus earraidh,
Do'n anam nach bàsaich ;
Mi an dòruinn fo chùmha,
'S neo-shùbhach a ta mi ;
Air tulaich am aonar,
A's luchd mo ghaoil an déigh m'fhàgail.

Ciod mu'm biodh tu co cianail,
Aig iargain mu'd chàirdean ?
'S do bhàrnaigean lionmhoir,
Gu triall air an sàilibh ;
Ged tha iadsan air thoiseach,
'S tus' a'd' bhoichdan 'san fhàsach ;
Ann an ath-ghiorras tìoma,
Bithidh tu cinnteach dheth fàgail.

Ach 's mòr m' fhàth air bhi cianail,
Bharr air iargain mo chàirdean ;
Mo ghineadh an truaill'eachd,
'S mo ghluasad bho'n tràth sin ;
Mo chiontana lionmhor,
Mo ghiomh, agus m' fhàilling ;
Ann an cunnart mo dhìteadh
Mar dhìleabach Àdhaimh.

Ged bha'n dileab ud cronail,
 Thainig sonas na h-aite ;
 Tha do bhràthair a's seine
 Ga do shireadh gu *fhàbhair*
 Gu *robacha* riomhach,
 'S crùn rioghail nach fàilling ;
 Mar ri còir air an oighreachd,
 A dhaingnich a bhàs dhuit.

Ach 's e aobhar mo thioma,
 Tric is minig 's mi'm aonar ;
 Mo chridhe do-lùbtadh,
 Ruith dlùth a chum daorsainn ;
 Tha'n seann duin' cho làidir,
 'S nach tàr mi dheth aomadh ;
 Thig sruth salach o'n fhàran
 'Feadh 's tha thruaill'eachd gun taomadh.

Ach 's e impidh do Bhràthar
 Dhuits' gach là 'bhi ga leanailt ;
 'S an uair bhios 'n eallach ga do shàrach',
 Gramaich làidir ri 'ghealladh ;
 Tog a chuing air do ghuaillibh,
 'S bidh do bhuannachd rìs soilleir ;
 Cha'n eir' i ri' giulan,
 'S bheir i lùths dhuit is fradharc.

Meud do shonais an tràth sin
 Cha tàr mi ga shloinneadh ;
 Bidh t-iodhal-aoraidh is t-ardan
 Mar bha Dagon 'na bhloidhibh ;
 Do pheacadh-leannan an tràth sin,
 Ni thu fhàgail ad dheaghaidh ;
 'S bidh tu'g imeachd 'san fhàsach
 Mar bha'm bà-chrodh o'n laoghaibh.

Na h-anamianna gràineil,
 Do'm bu ghnàth leat 'bhi géilleadh ;
 Sgiùrsaidh eis' iad as Aros,
 Mar armailt' a *rheubail* ;
 Uile thruaill'eachd do nàduir,
 'S aobhar nàire leat fhéin iad ;
 'San uair thig gràs gu bhi riaghladh
 Theid an strìochdadh le chéile.

Ged tha thusa gun ghluasad,
 'S do chluasan gun chlàisdeachd ;
 Tha do chobhair is t-fhuasgladh,
 Air guaillibh do Shlànuighear ;
 Cha'n eil do smachd ach ré tioma,
 Theid gu *finid* 'san fhàsach ;
 'S 'n uair theid thu nùll thairis,
 Bidh tu fallain 'na *fhàbhair*.

'S e gràdh an Athar do-rannsuicht',
 A thionnsgainn an t-ìochd ud ;
 Gach ni gheall e bho shiorruidheachd,
 Làin-chrìochnaich a Mhac e ;
 Dh'fhàg e spiorad na sìochaint',
 A toirt fianuis le 'fhocal ;
 Mòr-bhuannachd na dìleib,
 Na gabh sgìos bhi 'cur beachd oirr'.

Bha trì Pearsa na Trionaid,
 Co dian as do leith-sa ;
 Chaidh 'n cùmhnant o shiorruidheachd,
 A dheanamh co seasmhach ;
 Tha'n lagh air a riarach',
 'S lan-dioldadh aig ceartas ;
 Tha a thròcair-sa glòraicht',
 'S aobhar dòchais aig peacaich.

'S ann o innleachd an nàmhaid
 A thàinig am peacadh ;
 Bàs siorruidh, a's truaighe,
 An gin truailidh 'bha ac-sa ;
 Grad-ghramaich ri Criosda
 Ma's a miann leat an seachnadh ;
 A th'air a thairgse co saor,
 Do chlann daoine 'na fhocal.

Ann am briathraibh a Shoisgeil
 'Tha co maiseach an òrdugh ;
 Gach neach 'gam bheil tlachd annt'
 Tarruing faisg orr' an còmhnuidh ;
 Le gràdh is fìor aidmheil,
 Cuir an taic annt' an còmhnuidh ;
 'S aig imeachd 'na neart-sa,
 Fodh a bhratach le dòchas.

Ma bhios tusa gun sàbh'ladh,
 Chaidh t'-fhàgail gun leithsgeul ;
 Tha *Stochd* aig do ràthan,
 A ghnàth ort a' freasdal ;
 Tha e comasach, deonach,
 Anns gach doigh 'tha mar cheisd ort ;
 'S bheir e earradh is biadh dhuit
 Nach crìochnaich amfeasda.



MIANN AN ANMA BHI MAILLE RI CRIOSD.

THA m' inntinn-s' an geall,
 A bhi thàll thar uisg' Iordain,
 Mar ri Prionnsa na sìochaint,
 B'e mo mhiann dol na chòmhail ;

'S e cìbeir na treud e
 Bheir e féin orra faicill ;
 As na h-eileanan cuainteach,
 Ni e'n cuairteachadh dhachaidh.

"'S e an Ròs e o Sharon,
 'S am Flùthair o Iesse
 'S e Gaisgeach Treibh Iudaih,"
 Cha chlaoidhear a neart-sa ;
 'S e àillteachd thar chàch,
 Thug mo ghràdh-sa co mòr dha,
 'S an uair bhios e as m' fhianuis,
 Bidh mi cianail, ro-bhrònach.

Bidh mi dùbhach 'ga iarruidh,
 Os iosal an còmhnuidh ;
 'San uair 'chì mi na mhais' e
 Bidh mi laiste le sòlas ;
 'S e m' àilleagan broillich
 'S e mo charaid 's m' fhear-pòsd e ;
 'S e mo Bhràthair a's seine
 Tric is minig 'ga m' chòmhnadh.

'S e fear ghabhail mo leithsgeil
 'S a sheasamh mo chòrach ;
 A phaigheas m' uil' fhiachan,
 'S ni mo dhion bho gach dòruinn ;
 Am fad 'sa bhios mi air thurus,
 Bheir e'n *cumantas* lòn dhomh ;
 'S 'n uair a philleas mi dhachaidh,
 Cha bhi airc aig a bhòrd-sa.

Tha mil is bainne 'n Canaan,
 Ged tha'n fhàsach-s' làn croisean ;
 'S iomadh bruthadh air sàilibh,
 'N neach a's feàrr gheibh 'n t-aisig ;

Bha a smachdan, 's a thròcair,
 O m' òige mu seach orm ;
 'S e bu chàinnt dhoibh le chéile
 Mi a thréigsinn a pheacaidh.

'S iad clànn dìleas a chùmhnaint
 'S géire sgiùrsas a shlait-sa ;
 Ach cha dealaich e chaoimhneas
 A chaidh riu réir 'fhocail.
 'S e trioblaid na *fùirneis*,
 'S a bheil e rùsgadh an seachrain ;
 Gus an iarr iad dheth thròcair,
 Gun leònadh dha cheartas.

Chum 's gu faic iad an truaigh'
 'S an gluasad gun fhaicill ;
 Thig an lagh ga'n dian-ruagadh,
 As gach bruach an robh 'm fasgadh ;
 'N uair an ni choguis dùsgadh,
 Le sgrùdadh géur-bheachdail,
 Ni i mach dhoibh bhi càillte
 Mar tionndaidh iad dhachaidh.

'N uair bha mi am *reubalt*
 'S e féin a rinn iochd orm ;
 'S rinn mo philleadh le tròcair
 O shligh dòruinn 'n leir-sgriosaidh.
 Mar amhailt' a griosaidh,
 A spion e mi thairis ;
 Bhàrr chriochan an nàmhaid,
 Gu fàrdoch a chlanna.

Tha cùibhreachan ùine,
 Gu dlùth a' dol seachad ;
 Dean mo sgeudachadh sgiamhach
 An aodach iasaid a ghaigich ;

Anns am faigh mi a bheannachd,
A cheannaich e daor dhomh ;
Cha b'ann le ni truailidh,
Ach 'fhuil uasal 'ga taomadh.

Dh' ath-nuadhaich e chùmhnannt,
Is *dhùbail* e ghealladh ;
'S e *Caiptein* mo shlàint' e,
Bheir le gràs mi na choinneamh ;
Tha gach là mar bhliadhna,
Gus an crìochnaich mi m' astar ;
Gus am bi mi 'na fhianuis,
Troimh shiorruidheachd 'cur beachd air.

Rinn Simeon sòlas 'n uair
Fhuair e òg e 'na ghlacaibh ;
Is le irioslachd, dh'iarr e,
Comas triall 'sa dhol dhachaidh ;
Eis' a b'fhad bha mi 'g earbsa,
Tha m' shùil dearbhta dha fhaicinn—
Slàinte Dhé do chloinn daoine,
Chaidh fada thaobh uaith' air seach'ran.



GAIRM GU EARBS' ANN AN CRIOSD.

M' anam imich thusa sàmhach,
Fo gach àmhghar agus leatrom ;
'S e do thruaill' eachd a thaobh nàduir
Aobhar t-ànruidh mar mo bheachd-sa.

Greas is amhairc cia mar tha thu,
Seall le nàire ri do chleachdadh ;
'S faic an sachd tha air do ghuaillibh,
Le do ghluasad 'bhi gun fhaicill.

O'n a rugadh ann ad thràill thu,
 Thaobh do phàirtidh 's a cheud seachran ;
 Iomchair foighidneach gach dòruinn,
 'S biodh do bhròn air son do pheacaidh.

Tha do thoil an deis a truailleadh,
 Rag ri gluasad chum do leas-sa ;
 Dh'easbhuidh cumhachd a bheir buaidh oir',
 Gheibh thu'm bàs is duais do'n pheacadh.

Seall a nise ciod a ni thu,
 'S teich le dìchioll dh'ionnsuidh taice
 Fàg do chudthrom air do Ràthan
 Tha E ghnàth co math ri fhocal.

Thig le irioslachd is dòchas
 Dh'iarruidh còmhnaidh o'n Aon bheartach
 Creid air tùs gu bheil e maoineach,
 'S iarr do dhaonnachd réir a phailteis.

Thig le 'd dhoille, cionnt a's daorsa,
 Fàg 'na aonar airsan 'n leatrom
 Dh'iarruidh teagaisg, riaghlaidh 's saoraidh
 Tha iad annsan ri 'n toirt seachad.

Seall le muinghinn an àirde
 Chum nam beann d'a bheil do thaitneachd ;
 Nuair is trioblaidich a chual duit
 Amhaire suas ri Triath nam feartan.

Càraich t' eallach air a ghuaillibh,
 Oir 's ann uaith thig do neart-sa ;
 'S ged nach beachdaich thus a ghluasad,
 Creid gu luath gu bheil E'm faisg ort.

Feith gu foighidneach ri 'thìomsan,
 'S imich dìreach réir a reachda ;
 Ruith do reis le fair' is dìchioll,
 'S ann le strì a nì thu streapadh.

'N uair bhios fiaradh ann ad chrannchur,
 Creid gu tionndaidh e gu d'thaitneadh ;
 Bheir seillein math o lusaibh searbh
 Mil bhios tàrbhach, brìoghar, blasda.

Ged bhiodh am Freasdal dhuit air uairibh,
 Tuille 's cruaidhe réir do bbeachd-sa ;
 Tuig gur gliocas thug mu'n cuairt e,
 'S gheibh thu beannachd as am pailteas.

Bi thusa furachar mu àitheantaibh ;
 O staid nàduir teich na thaic-sa ;
 'S glac a ghealladh làn do shìochaint,
 Ann an Criosd a dhiol a cheartas.

Air do thurus do Chanaan,
 Ged robh am fàsach làn do chroisibh,
 'S iomadh bruthadh air do shàiltibh
 Leans a ghnàth ri lorg a Ghaisgich.

Thug E buaidh os cionn do nàimhdibh
 A's bheir e gràs an àm na h-airce
 Ruith d'a ionnsuidh le fein-àicheadh
 'S dearbh nach fàill'nich do Chultaice.

A COMPLAINT ON THE CORRUPTION OF NATURE.

OH ! woe is me thus sore perplex'd !
How pain'd I feel and inly vex'd !
For want of food that would sustain
A soul that ever must remain.
I thus in sorrow am distress'd,
And in my joyfulness oppress'd,
While lonely living all alone,
Bereft of loved ones who are gone.

But why, my soul, should'st thou repine,
Or long for any friends of thine ?
Since many are thy calls away
To go that way the same as they.
Though they are gone before, and thou
Art left to tread the desert now,
'Tis only for a few short years,
And thou shalt leave this vale of tears.

Far greater cause have I to mourn,
Than that my friends not here sojourn.
I was begot and born in sin,
And sinful since my life has been :
My guilt is great, my faults abound,
My failings frequent—all are found
Conspiring in condemning me,
Because I'm Adam's legatee.

That death-inflicting legacy
 Salvation did displace, we see.
 Thy Elder Brother thee invites
 To share His favour and delights—
 To royal robes of great renown
 Receive with an enduring crown—
 To the inheritance procured
 And by His death to thee secured.

But that which grieves me most of all,
 Alone as on my knees I fall—
 My rebel, unsubmissive heart
 In bondage always has its part.
 The man of sin within me strong
 I can't o'ercome, though striving long.
 While thus the fountain is impure
 'Tis sure the stream can ne'er be pure.

And yet thy Brother counsels thee
 That thou Him follow faithfully ;
 And when most burden'd by thy load
 Rely upon the promises of God.
 Thy shoulder to the yoke give thou,
 And soon thy gain thou shalt avow ;
 It shall rest easy on thy side
 When strength and wisdom are supplied.

All thy joy then and happiness
 I can't in any words express ;
 Thy idol-worship and thy pride
 Shall, Dagon-like, be scatter'd wide :
 So thy besetting sin shall be
 Forsaken all and utterly,
 While passing, like the calfless kine,
 On this desert march of thine.

Thy passions that made thee their prey,
 And which thou gladly didst obey,
 Are rebel hosts against thy God,
 That He must drive from His abode.
 All thy corruption thou dost see
 To be a source of shame to thee ;
 But soon as grace shall reign supreme
 All these shall be of low esteem.

Tho' thou no progress make through fear,
 And having ears, yet cannot hear,
 Thy succour and relief at length
 Are only in the Saviour's strength.
 Thy grievous chastenings last not long,
 And solely to this world belong.
 When thou shalt pass within the veil,
 Before the throne thou ne'er shalt wail.

It was the Father's boundless love
 This mercy first devis'd above :
 All promis'd in eternity,
 Jehovah's Son fulfilled for thee,
 And left His Holy Spirit of peace
 To witness with the Word of Grace.
 A legacy such gain unfolding,
 Oh ! never weary of beholding !

Each Person in the Trinity
 For thee engaged most earnestly ;
 The everlasting covenant
 Well order'd was to meet each want.
 The law is firmly ratified,
 And justice fully satisfied,
 His mercy highly glorified—
 Hope's door for sinners open'd wide.

It was in Satan's vile designs
 That sin began with all its signs ;
 Eternal death and misery
 Are part of their dire progeny :
 If thou desire to shun the snare,
 To Christ without delay repair,
 Who is so freely offered all
 In the most glorious gospel call—

In the words of the gospel plan,
 So finely and divinely suiting man,
 That all who in them have delight
 Draw always near, desiring light ;
 And trusting in them constantly,
 Most lovingly and steadfastly,
 They journey in the strength of God
 Under hope's banner all the road.

If thou unsav'd at last remain,
 Excuses thou wilt plead in vain ;
 Thy Surety has sufficient store
 To gratify thee evermore.
 Whatever thy distress may be,
 His power and will are pledged for thee
 And He will robes and food provide
 That shall perpetually abide.



THE SOUL'S DESIRE TO BE WITH CHRIST.

My mind's desire and longing is
 Across the Jordan stream to be,
 And go where dwells the Prince of Peace,
 Oh ! fain would I Him meet and see !

The Shepherd of the flock is He,
 Who will them carefully protect,
 And from the islands of the sea
 Them home will gather and direct.

He is the Rose of Sharon fair,
 Likewise the Flower of Jesse's line,
 Of Judah's tribe the champion rare,
 Whose power none can undermine.
 His loveliness beyond the rest
 Was what my love so much drew forth,
 And when He does withdraw His breast,
 I'm lonely, sad, and little worth.

In sorrow I'll be seeking Him,
 And constantly in solitude ;
 But when in beauty seeing Him,
 I'm then in happy, heavenly mood.
 He is my very heart's delight,
 My greatest friend and Husband dear,
 My Elder Brother, in whose might
 I find relief from all I fear—

My Advocate to plead my cause,
 My righteous claims in full maintain,
 Absolve my debts in every clause,
 And me from every harm sustain.
 While I'm a pilgrim here below,
 He will sufficient food provide ;
 And when I to His table go
 No need shall there be unsupplied.

In Canaan milk and honey flow,
 Though crosses in this vale abound ;
 And sufferers here have scars to show
 However well they walk the ground.

His chastenings and His mercies both
 Were laid upon me from my youth,
 That I my sins should wholly loathe
 Was their significance in truth.

His faithful covenanted ones
 Are those that sharpest feel the rod ;
 His kindness still—whatever comes—
 From them shall ne'er depart, says God.
 'Tis in affliction's furnace dire
 He their backslidings clearly shows,
 Till they His mercy then desire
 With no despite to Justice' vows.

That they may know their misery
 And their unguarded walk behold,
 Before the Law they're caus'd to flee,
 And quit delusive hope and hold.
 Then conscience wakens terribly
 To search the heart and probe the mind,
 Disclosing what their loss will be
 If they turn not, their home to find.

When I a rebel went astray,
 He then in pity me did save,
 And turn in mercy from the way
 Of death, destruction, and the grave.
 For from the burning, like a brand,
 He snatch'd me in my helplessness,
 And brought me from the enemy's land
 To taste the Father's preciousness.

The wheels of time roll rapidly—
 Do thou adorn and beautify
 And so enrobe me gloriously
 In garments I could never buy ;

That I the blessings may enjoy
 Which He for me so dearly bought,
 Not with corruptible alloy,
 But by His precious blood unsought.

His cov'nant sure He has renew'd
 And gave His promises anew ;
 My Captain of Salvation view'd,
 And with His gracious cords me drew.
 Each day appears long as a year
 Until my journey ended be,
 Till brought into His presence near
 To view Him through eternity.

When Simeon in His loving arms
 Received the child, he did rejoice,
 Then humbly sought to leave the charms
 Of time, for heaven was his choice.
 "The Saviour whom I longed for much
 My eyes do now in rapture view—
 God's peace, goodwill, and love to such
 As wander'd far and proved untrue."



A CALL TO TRUST IN CHRIST.

My soul, do thou move patiently
 Beneath each burden and distress ;
 'Tis thy defilement from within
 That causes thy unrest, I guess.

Oh ! quickly view how is thy state
 And to thy conduct look with shame ;
 Behold the load that's on thy back,
 And thy unguarded walk do blame.

Since thou wert born a very slave,
 Because a sharer in the fall,
 In patience each affliction bear,
 And sorrow for thy follies all.

Thy will has been polluted quite,
 Thy good unwilling to regard ;
 Without high'r pow'r to conquer it
 Thou'lt die, for death is sin's reward.

Oh ! think in earnest what to do,
 And flee for refuge to the Lord ;
 Upon thy Surety throw thy cares—
 He does according to His Word.

Come in humility and hope
 To ask assistance from the Rich One ;
 Believe His treasures are divine,
 And of His fulness seek, beseeching.

Oh ! come with blindness, bondage, guilt,
 On Him alone the burden leave ;
 And ask instruction, guidance, grace,
 These meet in Him, then to Him cleave.

Raise hopefully thine eye on high,
 And see the hills of thy desire ;
 Whene'er thy burden pains thee most,
 Then of the Lord of hosts inquire.

Upon His shoulders place thy load,
 For forth from Him comes all thy strength ;
 And though His hand thou can't perceive,
 Believe He will relieve at length.

Wait ever till His time arrives,
 Walk blameless in His law divine ;
 Run earnestly thy race with care—
 It is with effort thou must climb.

When cross'd severely in thy lot,
 Believe it worketh for thy good ;
 A busy bee from bitter flowers
 Draws honey sweet and fit for food.

Though Providence would seem, at times,
 Too hard for thee to understand ;
 Believe it was by wisdom plann'd,
 And blessings num'rous are at hand.

Keep carefully all His commands
 From sin escape into His hands,
 And grasp His promise full of peace,
 In Christ who met the Law's demands.

While on thy way to Canaan's land,
 Though desert trials thee alarm ;
 Though often bruised thy weary feet,
 Cling closely to Jehovah's arm.

Thy foes He hath subdued, and will
 In straits give grace that shall avail ;
 In self-denial move, and prove
 That thy Sustainer ne'er can fail.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF KENNETH M'DONALD.

THE following sketch of my grandfather's life pretends to little more than the mere indication of a few dates and events between his birth and burial. He was the youngest son of Alexander M'Donald, farmer at Milton of Nuide-beg, three miles south-west of Kingussie, and was born on the 12th of August, 1800; a year rendered memorable in this quarter by the sad catastrophe known as "Càll Ghaic." At an early age it was observed that he was a remarkably pleasant and precocious boy, possessing qualities that occasioned the attachment of all his playmates. He attended the school of Ralia more or less till about ten years of age, and his progress was very marked, considering his limited opportunities; for few then were regularly in attendance except during the winter months. Here, however, he acquired a tolerably accurate acquaintance with the rudiments of English and Gaelic, which were then the only languages commonly taught at school—and to writing and arithmetic he was by no means a stranger.

The schoolmaster of that day was Alexander M'Pherson, better known by the name of

“Alasdar Òg,” who, though he did not rank very high as a scholar, was a very attentive and painstaking teacher, and, upon the whole, eminently successful; for he imparted what he knew in such an intelligent manner, that hardly any of the scholars of Badenoch could cope with those under his instruction. That his education was somewhat incomplete may be understood from his having frequently to apply, in order to be assisted through his difficulties, to Mrs. Clark, of Torra-Dhamh, who was herself a teacher’s daughter, and, according to the standard of that time, highly accomplished, as might be gathered from a glance at her fine and finished productions.

The subject of this sketch, after being for some time in the service of Captain M’Pherson, of Nuide-mor, left for the south, and stayed for two years with his sister at Cotterton of Nairn, in Perthshire, where he had to reduce to practice his school-derived and only theoretical knowledge of English. On his return he remained at home till his father’s death in 1816, after which he kept on the farm with his mother and sister, till the death of the former in 1828. Four years after this bereavement, in 1832, occurred his marriage with Jessie Kennedy, youngest daughter of Duncan Kennedy, of Cladhon, who was found to be a helpmeet in the true sense of the term; for their union and long conjugal life—she having survived him—proved felicitous in an eminent degree.

For five years more he continued at Nuide, where were born a daughter and two sons, of whom both the latter died in infancy. On account of various alterations made in the

surrounding districts, he, in 1837, threw up the farm, and decided upon going to America in the course of a year. With this object in view he went to Croftcarnoch, mainly for the purpose of making due preparations for the intended voyage; but, contrary to his expectations, obstacles, of a serious nature, seem to have been cast in the way—and these occasioned a year's delay, which, in turn, compelled him to take on lease a house and croft from Mr. Stewart. Thus Providence appears to have destined for him a lot different from that of his own designing; for there he remained throughout the long period of thirty-four years, having to all appearance entirely abandoned the idea of crossing the sea. During that time another daughter was born, and also two other sons, who likewise were both taken away in infancy.

When he was thus settled down at Croftcarnoch, in the parish of Alvie, the controversy and conflict that ended in the Disruption of '43 were raging at their highest and hottest pitch,—and not unknown or unfelt in that quarter; for the people to a man left the Established Church, though churchless and pastorless, in which condition they continued for a long time subsequently. In all their difficulties he was a sympathetic sharer, and in their trying position did all in his power to keep the congregation together, and to have them supplied with the means of grace. There are not a few still living who would be ready to testify to his great usefulness and unwearied efforts in connection with others like-minded to further the cause of Christ among so many who were like “sheep without a shepherd.”

And it is obvious that their labours were crowned with success, for, in 1851, a beautiful Church, with suitable accommodation, was erected, and some time after an able and godly minister, Rev. James Grant, M.A., ordained their pastor.

The subject of this memoir lived to see a successor appointed, and a comfortable manse provided, and so had the pleasure of witnessing the prosperity—outwardly at least—of the people to whom he was so much attached.

In 1872, being in frail and failing health, and having, in consequence, desisted from all employment, he removed to Lynchat, where he spent the rest of his life, a small village about a mile and a-half west from Tigh-na-bruaich which he had occupied throughout the third of a century. Here he had a better opportunity of seeing some of the “excellent ones of the earth,” who frequently visited him and proved their attachment to one acknowledged by all to be among the humblest in this generation, and a specimen of a class that are but “few and far between,” and speedily passing away. And, on the other hand, he highly prized a visit from the least and weakest of the Lord’s people, and always maintained that he was “unworthy of their coming under his roof,” and often expressed his fear that their presence and presents would add to his condemnation, for his non-improvement of precious and peculiar privileges.

During his latter years he was gradually giving way under the burden of advancing age, and the pressure of deep-rooted disease—chronic and spasmodic rheumatism ; but it was not till

1878 that serious symptoms of the final struggle began to appear. In spring he caught a severe cold of which he never got the better, and under whose effects he ultimately succumbed. About the latter end of May he became much weaker and feebler than formerly, and was continually falling into a sort of short slumber during the day—a sign of great weakness and a certain precursor of death. He, however, for the first week of next month seemed, though very weak, not to get worse, as he appeared very lively, and got up in the forenoon of almost every day. Although worn to a mere skeleton and complaining of growing weakness, he, even three days before his death, managed to shave himself; nor was his mental vigour abated, for he retained the full possession of all his faculties to the last, and was able to converse as pleasantly as ever. On the 13th of June he got up as usual; but his former broken slumbering returned on that as on the previous day.

In the evening he said: “I am now at the other end of the wilderness, and make every preparation for that change. This sleep is very strange, but it has not come on purposeless; it commenced yesterday, has continued the whole of to-day, and will carry me away to-morrow.” He then spoke for fully two hours in an exceedingly delightful and forcible manner, and desired that the Gospel should come in power among the people, and that it would be abundantly blessed to them. He also deprecated his own unfaithfulness to his glorious Master, and the despite done to His name amongst many of those with

whom he was intimately acquainted. When on the confines of eternity his experience was, that he never felt feeble in body, nor ever stood more in need of gracious supplies for his soul ; also, that in the case of even those whose lives have been the most unexceptionable and exemplary an extraordinary change must be effected at and in death by the Holy Spirit in order to completely sanctify and perfectly prepare a soul for glory. He afterwards added : “ How slow am I to believe that the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolving ! and how prone to prop it up ! How hard it is to be engaged in duties if the Spirit of the Lord is not present ! And how strange that His people are often so unwilling to engage when He promises to make them willing and afford needful strength and necessary aid ! I think I have received a ‘ blink ’ of that portion of Scripture—(Ps. xviii. 32) ‘ ’Tis God that girdeth me with strength and perfect makes my way.’ ” He then went to bed at one A.M., 14th June, and slept soundly till seven. About nine he partook of some food and conversed in his usual way. At ten we had worship, and he took part for the last time on earth, speaking to Jehovah as if face to face, and giving thanks for having been spared and preserved so marvelously amid such severe sufferings, and while so often so near the gates of death. About eleven he slept, and in this sleep of only eleven minutes he slept in Jesus, without a groan, and to all appearance with little or no pain, for it was impossible to know the exact moment he breathed his last. His work was done, his sun went

down, but all the more brightly to arise and shine for ever. "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him; and precious in the sight of the Lord is His saints' death. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

On Monday, the 17th of June, the funeral took place, and the corpse was attended to its last resting-place by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and neighbours, including a number of the great of this world and of that to come.

The day was fine, the sun did shine ;
 We laid him low, as all must go,
 Beneath the sod he often trod,
 To rest, we trust, until the just
 Shall glorious rise, above the skies,
 To meet their Lord, by all adored.
 How well for those who find repose
 In Christ, the best and highest rest !

Having briefly glanced over some of the outstanding facts of his life, I proceed now, in a few sentences, to describe some of the more patent traits in his general character.

In appearance he was very handsome, erect and tall in stature ; firm and manly in features, well set-off with raven locks ; of genial disposition, and possessing a pleasant countenance, that indicated considerable power of mind, and betokened no mean intellectual grasp, combined with resolution not easily or readily baffled. In action he was determined and decided, and invariably found able to persevere patiently until the accomplishment of his design. Capable of giving, and ready to accept advice, he was thus a general favourite with all who wished to

know and learn the right way of performing daily duty—in reference to which his remarks were generally couched in the fewest possible, though frequently very pungent words. Peculiarly honest and honourable in all his dealings with friend or foe, he shirked not from frankly apprising them of what he considered censurable in their transactions; nor, if his own faults were pointed out, would he refuse to acknowledge and remedy them to the best of his ability.

By all who knew him he was greatly admired and desired as a companion, for his conversation was always interesting and instructive. To the very last his memory continued unimpaired, so that out of a mind well stored with anecdote he could draw any amount of touching topics, and, thus could rivet the attention as well as excite the approval of all who were in the habit of hearing him. Nor was he less agreeable in company, where he would often be instrumental in striking the key-note of an enlightened and elevating discourse, when perhaps he himself would say but little.

But in no trait of his character was he so well known or so greatly admired as in his unselfish and unusually deep-grounded humility; for, doubtless, it was his thinking so little of himself that occasioned, in such a marked degree, his being kept so “unspotted from the world,” who could not throw a slur upon his guarded conduct, sustained, as it was, by an outward walk that always corresponded with his inward behaviour.

In everything he was patient, but particularly so in his last illness, during which resignation

to the will of the Lord appeared to be written in his face. In all his afflictions he acknowledged the Divine hand, and desired to submit to Divine Providence in dependence on Divine aid ; and in doing so he was wonderfully sustained, not only at this time, but throughout all his life. It is worth while remarking that, especially during the last period of his sojourn, he seemed to stand in a peculiar relation to Providence, for oftentimes his necessities, of whatever kind, were singularly supplied, clearly pointing to manifestations of the immediate hand of God, of a similar description with those bestowed, though upon a larger scale, in earlier times, and even in later days not unknown in the North. Such have frequently been ridiculed by many, who thereby prove alike their ignorance of the power of private prayer and their unacquaintance with the difficulties and distresses of many of God's chosen. Eminent writers who have enlarged on the subject have been hastily and summarily pronounced pusillanimous and credulous by those very persons who were themselves the embodiment of the very defects of which they would fain accuse others—and just because they were so was it that their declamations have been so frequent and rampant.

His religious life extended over a period of about half-a-century, as he was not quite thirty years of age when the truth, undoubtedly not unaccompanied by the power of the Spirit of truth, had made a deep and lasting impression on his mind. From his reservedness of character it is difficult to give a precise or minute account of his early convictions. Still it appears that

he was about the last of those who had the pleasure and privilege of "sitting under the ministry" of the deservedly famous Rev. John Robertson, of Kingussie. It was about that time that he began to testify for the truth, though perhaps the more immediate means of his publicly witnessing was a man whose name is yet in many places lovingly cherished—Finlay Munro, a catechist. Although he may have had very distinct and decided views regarding his duty then, he seems to have been seriously and sadly buffeted thereafter by Satan in manifold temptations, and with such a success that he, so far, attributed his past experience to the hasty movings and workings of unsanctified affections—a conclusion which, manifestly, crippled his usefulness in after-life, as far at least as public service was concerned, it being with the utmost difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to say a syllable in public. I am aware that this also arose from a low estimate of his own fitness and attainments for such onerous and responsible duties. Nevertheless, he was by no means useless in the Church; for, though not ordained, he acted as an elder for fully thirty years in connection with the Alvie Free Church Congregation, and thus was virtually though not nominally an office-bearer.

To come to a conclusion: in his correspondence, as well as by his conduct and in his conversation, he used to counsel wisely and well, which I may illustrate by a single example. "Live the life that will not occasion sorrow or regret when reviewed from its termination, and not that

which will scarcely satisfy a single day. Be not over-anxious regarding the future, especially in respect of matters that Providence may have ordered otherwise; for it sometimes happens that the things for which people labour most are never enjoyed, and those for which they felt least anxiety are often found in the long-run to have been the most advantageous. Indeed, no one need look for daylight till the night is past." "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

JOHN KENNEDY.

LYNCHAT, 8th October, 1878.

MARBH-RANN DO CHOINNEACH DOMHNULLACH.

A BHA CHÒMHNUIDH ANN AM BAIDEANACH,
LE IAIN CEANNAIDEACH.

I.

Is e mo mhiann na b'aithne dhomh—
Is cinnteach 's e a thòill—
'S gu deimhinn 's e bu chomain domh,
N'am b'urrainn mi gun fhòill,
Seadh beagan iomradh a chur sios,
Ged b'ann an cainnt gun loinn,
Mu'n ti sin bha na sheanair domh,
'S o'n d'fhuair mi àite cloinn.

II.

Gach maith o làimh a shealbhaich mi
Cha b'fhurasd domh a luaith,
Gach òrdugh òirdhearc 'chunnaic mi
Gach teachdair mòr a chual;

Gun ghuth an dràsd air maitheas pailt,
 O là gu là a fhuair,
 O fhreasdal caoimhneil caomh gun aire,
 An Neach 'thug mach a bhuaidh.

III.

So uile chuairtich mi gu moch,
 'N trà bha mi òg is maoth,
 Gun eolas air mo shochairean,
 A mheas mi mar a ghaoth ;
 Ach 's ann mar sin a tha chuid mhòr
 A dol air seachran baoth,
 Cho marbh ri cloich do'n cothroman,
 'Tha lionmhor air gach taobh.

IV.

Gidheadh tha mòran ann do'n t-sluagh
 An cothrom so nach d'fhuair,
 Ni mo gu bràth theid agradh uath,
 Ged leanadh iad nan cruas ;
 Is bhithinn-sa gun teagamh uair,
 Am measg an àireamh thruaigh
 Mar bi an tì, ge bith a bhuaidh,
 'Tha iosal anns an uaigh.

V.

Cha'n-ioghnadh air an aobhar sin
 Ged dh'iarradh leam a chuimhn',
 A chumail fhad 's a b'urrainn mi
 Air chuimhn' an tearc do ruinn,
 Ged bhiodh cho mi-chomhliont' iad
 'S nach rachadh 'chaoidh orr' fuinn,
 Oir theagamh ainm gu cum gun 'dhol
 Gu uile fo na tuinn.

VI.

Bha e san fhàsach fad air chuairt—
 Ceithir fichead bliadhn' ach dha—
 Oir 'sann 's a bhliadhna ochd ceud deug;
 Is anns an fhoghair thlàth.
 A thàinig dh'ionnsuidh 'n t-saoghal so e;
 Ach 's ann san t-sàmhradh bhlàth
 'N uair bha gach craobh is lus am blàth
 A thàinig gairm a bhàis.

VII.

Do'n bhàs cha dean e athrachadh,
 Is stad cha chuir na cheum,
 Co ac' is sàmhr' no geamhradh e,
 Seann-duin' no gaisgeach treun.
 Ged bhiodh ann òige's boichead bhriagh,
 Bheir Rìgh nan uamhas beum,
 Ach 's e bhi deas fo chomh'r an éig
 An ni 's am bheil am feum.

VIII.

Ach cionnus gheibh mi uidheamachadh
 Air son a bhi am sheud
 An crùn ro-ghlòrmhor Rìgh nam Buadh
 Gu bhi a gleus' nan teud?
 Thoir leam gu'm feudar freagradh 'thoirt
 O bheath' o bhàs 's o bheul
 An Uain, is mar an ceudn' an ti
 Do'n treud a th'ann mo sgeul.

IX.

Tha eagal orm a dhol a ràdh
 Aon ni mu Phrionns' na sìth,
 Gun fhios nach ann a bhios mo chainnt
 Gun toradh innt' no brìgh;

Oir tha na Neach co'-glòrmhor E
 'S gur ainm dha Rìgh nan rìgh,
 'S tha fhocal cho ro-chumbhachdach
 'S gu'n cuir gu tàmh gach strì.

X.

'S E iomhaigh 'n Dé neo-fhaicsinnich
 Tha uile làn do ghlòir,
 Ach co nì so a mhìneachadh
 No aithris mar bu choir
 'S E Iosa Criosd an fhianuis fhior
 A chunnacas le Eoin,
 Air eirigh beò, 's a siubhal shuas
 Am measg nan coinneir' òir.

XI.

S e'n t-Alpha E 's an t-Omega,
 An toiseach is a chrìoch,
 A ta a bha 's a ta ri teachd,
 'S a mhaireas ann gu sìor ;
 A cheann is fholt mar oluinn ghil,
 Mar shneachd 'gu làr 'dol sìos,
 Gu shàilibh eaididh 's crioslaicht' fòs
 Le crios do'n òir mu chìoch.

XII.

Mar lasair thein' a shuilean bha
 A ghnùis glan mar a ghréin ;
 Ri umh' a chosa cosmhuil 'losg'
 Mar anns an àmbuinn fhéin ;
 A ghuth mar thòirm nan uisge mòr,
 Seadh claidheamh geur o bheul
 A teachd a mach 's aige bha
 Na làimh-dheis fòs seachd reult'.

XIII.

Ach 's mòr a b'fheàrr a thigeadh bruidhinn
 Do'n ti tha'n diugh fo'n ùir
 Do bhrìgh gur ann da b'fheàrr a b'aithn'
 Iehobhah mar a thùr ;
 Ged 's fiosrach mi nach aidicht' leis
 Gu'm b'aithne dha a chliu,
 Oir gheibht' e'n còmhnuidh smuaineachadh
 Air féin mar neach nach b'fhiù.

XIV

Gidheadh is deimhin leam gur sud
 A dh'fhàg cho miadhail e
 Aig càch do phobuil brùite Dhé—
 Oir riamh bu rianail e ;
 Ach 'ghnàth b'e ghearan ciùchranach,
 Och gu'm bu bhliadhnail e ;
 Bu tric 'g a shàruch' Satan gnàd,
 Is dh'fhàg sin cianail e.

XV.

Ach dh'aindheoin òidhch' is aineolas
 Bhiodh inntinn-sa 'dol suas ;
 A dh'aindheoin bròn is trioblaidean
 Is cridhe làn do chruas,
 Bhiodh esan deanamh greim air sgiort
 An Ti 'tha làn do thruas,
 'S a cur a chath le chumhachd-san
 An aghaidh buairidhean cruaidh.

XVI.

'S an uair a b'isle suidheach' e —
 Ge iongantach an ni—
 Is ann bu mhò bu deònuich e
 'Bhi g'àrdach' cliù an Ti

A theireadh e, nach b'aithne dha
 Da rìridh mar a shìth,
 Ged b'e am beachds' bha solusach
 An so gu'n robh e cli.

XVII.

Air iomadh bha 'cur iongantais
 Cho beag dheth fhéin 's a shaoil,
 'S nach fhaigheadh uair sam bith iad e
 Ach gearan air a chaoil ;
 'S an deighidh sin cha'n fhaiceadh iad
 E tric gun aghaidh fhaoilt,
 A bha gun theagamh dearbhadh dhoibh
 A chomunn-s' ris 'n Aon-ghaoil.

XVIII.

Tha fear mo ghràidh-sa geal is dearg,
 Nach fheudadh e a ràdh ?
 Seadh sonruicht' barruicht' measg dheich mìl,
 Is beannuichte gu bràth ;
 A cheann an t-òr a's gloine snuadh,
 Is anail cùbhraidh blàth,
 A chiabha bachlagach is dubh,
 Is fluich le braonaibh tlàth.

XIX.

Mar leabaidh spiosraidh ghruaidhean tha
 No blàthaibh cùbhraidh fòs ;
 Mar lili'bh 'bhilean sileadh mirr
 Tha ruidhteach mar bu nòs ;
 A làmhan àillidh 's cosmhuil iad
 Ri fàinnibh deant' do'n òir,
 Is suidhichte le berilibh
 'Cur maise air a mhedir.

XX.

A chòm mar fhiacail elephaint,
 'Tha liobhta mar an ceudn ;
 Is comhdaichte le saphiribh
 'Tha sgiamhach annta féin ;
 Mar phuist do mharmoir chosan-sa,
 Air bonnaibh fìor-òir stéidhicht ;
 Mar Leb 'non 'eugais 's barraichte
 Tha mar na seudair réidh.

XXI.

Ach co a's urrainn àillidheachd innis ;
 Ro-mhilis tha a bheul ;
 Na Phears' na Nàdur is na dhreuchd
 Tha ionmhuin E gu léir ;
 'S e so am Fear d'an d'tug mi spéis,
 Mo ghràdh 's mo charaid treun ;
 'S e so a chliù a nigheana,
 A tha'n Ierusalem.

XXII.

B'e thaitneas air dhoigh àraidh 'bhi
 A cliùth 'chadh pobull Dhé,
 'S bu bheag air iads' a chàineadh iad
 No thogadh orr' droch-sgeul.
 Gidheadh bu mhòr bu lugh air 'n uair
 A theumadh iad a chéil,
 Oir giamh do h-aon diubh riamh cha chual
 Mi fad mo bheath o bheul.

XXIII.

Am fàiligean, nam b'urrainn da,
 Bhiodh foluichte o'n t-saoghal,
 A dh'itheadh suas na bàibh reamhr'
 Mar rinn na bàibh caol'.

Cha labhradh air an teachdan-gearr
 E'm briathraibh eutrom faoin.
 Ach chronuicheadh gu glic is seolt'
 An cainnt bhiodh eignidh caoin.

XXIV.

Ach dhoibh-san dhiubh chaidh dhacbaidh suas
 Gu dearbh cha b'e a mhiann,
 Bhi faighinn giamh no cuimhneachadh
 Na nithe sin nach b'fhiach.
 'S ann bhiodh an còmhnuidh 'g iarraidh e
 Gach seachdan agus bliadhn'
 Gu'm bitheadh aige-san mar ac'-s',
 Aon chomh'r air mhaith o'n Triath.

XXV.

Bha tùs a bheath', mar theireadh e,
 Gun lochd an lath'r an t-saoghail :
 'S na ghnothuichean ro-onorach,
 Ged dh'easbhuidh moran maoin.
 Cha d'thàinig aois a mheadhon-là
 'N uair dhìoghluim e 's an raon
 Aig Boas breagh an Tiomnaidh nuaidh
 Tha sàsach' luchd a ghaoil.

XXVI.

Is riamh 's an fhàsach fad a thriall
 Bha shiubhal 'réir a bhriathr' ;
 'S gu gabhadh muinntir eile ciall
 Bu ghlic 's bu tric a dh'iarr.
 Is ged nach abairt' moran leis
 Bhiodh air na h-aingidh fiamh
 A gabhail slighe thiomchiollaich
 Mu'n rachadh dheth an rian.

XXVII.

Ach anns an uaigneas tagradh dian
 Do chaith e moran ùin' ;
 Mar chraobh 's a freumh 'dol domhain sios
 Gu daingean anns an ùir,
 Air nach toir stoirm a gheamhraidh buaidh
 Ni's mò na aimsir chiùin,
 Do bhrìgh nach eil i 'g eirigh suas
 Ach réir mar gheibh i tlùs.

XXVIII.

B'iongantach mar thuigeadh e
 Na freasdalan bu chruidh'
 A bhi fadheoidh comh-cordadh ceart
 Ri Focal Dhia nan sluagh ;
 Mar thaisbeana Eseciel
 Aig amhainn Chebair 'fhuair ;
 Seadh, roth am meadhon roth, gidheadh
 Dh'aon Spiorad 'n uair a ghluais.

XXIX.

Bha e ro-fhoighidineach o òig'
 Dh'fhàg taitneach e do chàch ;
 'S an àm a thrioblaid fhadalaich
 Mar sin gu uair a bhàis.
 Is mar bu tigh'nn air Iordan e
 Bha 'àillidheachd a fàs,
 Gun ghearan ach air truailidheachd
 'G a phianadh oidhch' is là.

XXX.

Ach 's ann an uair bha'n lobhar bochd
 Lànn luibhr' o cheann gu shàil
 Bha àithne aig an t-sagart 'ghairm
 Nis glan o'n phlaigh ro-ghnàd ;

Mar sin na fhaireachduinn-s' cha robh
 Ach peacadh, fuachd is bàs,
 Tràth bha air bruaich na bith-bhuantachd
 Is anam làn do ghràs.

XXXI.

Ach dh'aindheoin dubhachas a chridh,
 Mòr fhulangais is cràdh,
 Is eagal peacaidh, bàis is breitheanais,
 Bha tròm air iomadh àm,
 Do dh'aidich e 's an dealachadh
 Gu'm fac e "blinc" do'n rànn,
 "'S e Dia a ni mo shlighe ceart
 'S a bheir dhomh neart nach gàn."

XXXII.

Na dhéigh sin thubhairt e gu'm b'e
 An clù bha sgriobht' mu'n treud,
 'S an fhìrinn fhìorghlan phrìseil chaomh
 Gur cloinn iad nach dean breug,
 A bhios ro-thoileach mar is còir
 An là do chumhachd Dhé.
 'S cho iongantach gu'n robh co leisg
 An ceann a sheirbhis féin.

XXXIII.

'N sin labhair e mu'n dream sin diubh
 A b'aithne dha 's an tìr,
 Ag iarraidh 'n soisgeul siorruidh 'bhi
 Na bheath' dhoibh 's na bhrìgh,
 'S nam b'e toil an Tighearn' e
 Gu pilleadh E a rìs
 A dh'fhiosrachadh na muinntir sin
 'Tha aineolach mu phrìs.

XXXIV.

Fadheoidh, thug buidheachas do Dhia
 A ghleidh e fad a chùrs'
 Le 'fhreasdal miorbhuileach, ged bha
 Air dorsaibh bàis cho dlùth ;
 'S na chreutair cho mi-thoillteanach
 Air deagh-ghean ann na 'shùil,—
 Ach nis tha crìoch na fàsaich ann
 'S do'n Triùir na h-uile cliù.

XXXV.

'S an uair sin thiondadh 's choidil e,
 S tuillidh cha do dhùisg,
 Ach chaidh gun choslas péin sam bith
 E dhachaidh dh'ionnsuidh chrùin.
 Nach math dhoibh uil' a fhuair a null,
 'S gun fholach air an gnùis
 Tha faicinn gloir an Uain 's a chùirt
 A bhios gu bith-bhuan ùr ?

XXXVI.

Tha'n duine ionraic bàsachadh,
 Gun neach 'ga chur an suim ;
 'S na daoine trècaireach a falbh
 Gun neach a tigh'nn nan rùm ;
 Ach siubhlaidh iadsan ann an sìth.
 Is gabhaidh fois am mùirn ;
 Oir bithidh air an fhìrean chòir
 Fòs iomradh math is cuimhn'.

XXXVII.

Tha cuid a nis a faireachduinn
 Gu d'fhàg neach àraidh'n tùr
 Bha cleachdadh 'bhi ri gleachdadh cruaidh
 Gu uaigneach rathad nan glùn ;

Oir bha e diomhair dìongmhalta—
 Ged dh'iarradh e bhi'n cùl—
 'S a faighinn freag 'rean iongantach
 O'n Tighearna thaobh a rùin.

XXXVIII.

Ach ged tha sinne cianail ciùrrt'
 Do bhrìgh 's an àm na dh'fhalbh,
 Cha ghearan esan chaoìdh bhi brùit
 No brònach bochd no balbh ;
 Tha thrioblaid uile crìochnaichte
 Is thairis'n rathad garbh ;
 Tha Bàbel 's Bàsan air a chùl,
 Gach sionnach leomh'n is tarbh.

XXXIX.

'S o'n tìr air am bheil sùilean Dé
 O thùs na bliadhn' gu crìch,
 Far nach eil ni do ghné na h-oidhch'
 Ach suaimhneas agus sìth ;
 An t-àit 's nach gearan neach a chaoìdh
 Aon uireasbhuidh no dìth ;
 Mar sin a sheirbhisich cha bhi
 Gu bràth dheth sheirbhis sgìth.

XL.

Se tìr Chanaan 's a gheallaidh 'th'ann
 'S am beil an saoibhreas fiòr.
 Air ullachadh o shiorruidheachd,
 'S a mhaireas ann gu sìor ;
 An t-ionad 's am beil Athair na soills',
 An Spiorad Naomh is Crìosd,
 Na h-aingle treun is eaglais Dhé
 Is aoibhneas mòr gun chrìoch.



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